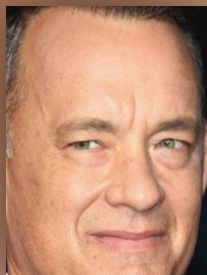




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The Twisted Revenge of Knucklepants



mormons

knucklepants

adventure

24 4 5

Chapter 1 by intellikat

Diego returned home, penniless but wiser for his trip to Hollywood.

Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers



He walked in the door, exhausted, a little after 9 o'clock in the evening. He'd given the last of his cash to the cabbie, who frowned at the small tip. Dropping his luggage by the door, he slumped down the hallway to go flop in his bed.

The hallway mirror caught his reflection, and he stopped to examine his weary self. "Diego, what are you doing? Going all that way just to chase some stupid dream? No wonder you're coming home empty-handed." He mugged briefly at the mirror, an old habit that sometimes helped his mood, but he couldn't get into the spirit of it.

As he turned back down the hallway, his phone rang. It was an unknown number, which he answered. "This is Dieg- uh, this is Knucklepants."

"Knucklepants! So glad I was able to reach you. Sorry if it's a bit late out there. This is Tom

Hanks!

See more of Story Wars

Knucklepants looked at the clock. It was 9:45 pm.

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Chapter 3 by intellikat



"Mr. Hanks," Knucklepants stuttered, trying to get out any one of the many questions about the past three days that were hammering inside his brain, but he couldn't complete even one. He sounded like a car trying to start. He knew this because Tom Hanks told him so.

"Look. Knucklepants. Don't speak. You sound like a car trying to start." Tom Hanks laughed. "Hey. Kid. I know you think you bombed out there this week. But take it from me, you didn't. Sometimes we have to make a fool of ourselves to reach something truly... great, you know what I mean?"

Knucklepants wasn't sure he did, but he mumbled in agreement.

"I know you think it's all trash and poo out here, but I really think you should consider making the move to LA. really. No one makes it on their first shot. And I mean nobody. Have you ever heard the story about Richard Grieco?"

Tom Hanks began telling Knucklepants the story. At some point, Tom Hanks was laughing and then Knucklepants started laughing too. Maybe it was his exhaustion from a long day of connecting flights. Or maybe it was that Tom Hanks always seemed to put Knucklepants at ease. The two continued laughing for some time without a break, and then they both seemed to just sigh together, at the same time after a little lull.

There was a pause.

"Look. Don't say anything more," said Tom. "We had a great time. I had a great time. I think everyone loved you. You were absolutely... nuts out there. Really, really bonkers. Off the wall. And you know what? It was totally inappropriate for the role. But I think it was just the breath of fresh air that we all needed. Hey. I'm going to email you a script. It's an indie film... the writer and director is my first wife's cousin. Sam Smith. The film's called 'Shadow Grows'. Think 'Barton Fink' meets 'Being There'. Just have a look, and then... get in touch, you know? Do it, Knucklepants. Alright. I'll talk with you later, okay, buddy?"

The phone call ended at 2:47pm.

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Knucklepants felt very lightheaded. Tom Hanks. He wanted to laugh it off as a prank but suddenly he knew this. Tom Hanks had emailed him the script.

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